



THE THING

No 17

WEIRD TALES OF SUSPENSE

THE

THING!

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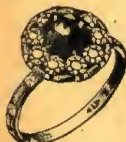
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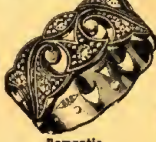
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THE THING

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November, 1954

Printed in the U.S.A.

THE THING

WELCOME ONCE MORE TO MY LIBRARY OF FAIRY TALES, DEAR READER, THIS TIME WE HAVE A GHOULISH "SHRIEK-OF-THE-MONTH" TALE GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD CURDLE AND YOUR MIND REEL IN THE INSANE HORROR OF ---

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS!

YOU'LL NOT FLEE, LITTLE GIRL--
'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT US IN A WHIRL--WHIRL--
WHIRL! AND WE'D LIKE TO PUT YOU IN A
BOILING POT AND WATCH YOU SWIRL--
SWIRL--SWIRL!

I WON'T LET YOU EAT ME!
I'LL KILL YOU ALL FIRST!

KIRK

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL NAMED ALICE. ALICE HAD EVERYTHING SHE WANTED, BUT ALICE WAS A SPOILED BRAT! ALICE WAS A **DEMON**!

GET OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE, GOVERNESS! TAKE THOSE STUPID FAIRY TALES AWAY AND LEAVE ME ALONE!



I HATE THESE SILLY CHILDREN'S BOOKS! I HATE 'EM!
HATE 'EM! HATE 'EM!



THE THING

AND THEN, AFTER TEARING UP TWO DOZEN BEAUTIFUL BOOKS, LITTLE ALICE'S EYES FOCUSED ON A THICK VOLUME NOT FAR FROM HER SEAT...

WELL...WELL... **THROUGH-THE-LOOKING-GLASS!** WHAT A BABY BOOK! HMMPF! JUST FOR FUN, I'M GOING TO READ IT AND SEE WHY PEOPLE RAVE ABOUT IT SO!



AND ALICE READ AND READ, UNTIL HER EYES GREW HEAVY AND HER MUSCLES NUMB. AND SOON SHE WAS FAST ASLEEP...

BUNK! JUST BUNK! IF...I... WERE THERE, I'D SHOW 'EM! YES...I WOULD...



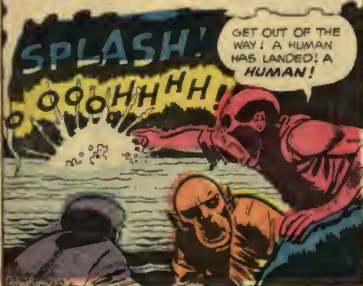
SUDDENLY--ALICE WOKE UP WITH A START! SHE WAS FALLING--FALLING RIGHT TOWARDS THE CENTER OF THE EARTH--TOWARDS A HUGE ROTATING WHIRLPOOL COMING RIGHT SMACK-DAB AT HER WITH FRIGHTENING SPEED!

HA-HA... FALL! FALL TO YOUR DOOM!

HELP! I CAN'T STOP MYSELF! HELP!



AND WHEN ALICE HIT-- SHE HIT **HARD** AND MADE A BIG SPLASH ALL THE WAY ACROSS THE POOL!"



GET OUT OF THE WAY! A HUMAN HAS LANDED! A HUMAN!

W-WHERE AM I? I KNOW I MUST BE DREAMING! BUT I STILL WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHERE I AM!

OH--WE'D LOVE TO TELL YOU, LITTLE GIRL! YOU'RE IN THE POOL OF TEARS! YOU'RE IN WONDERLAND! AND WE'RE GOING TO EAT YOU!



THIS WILL **NEVER** DO! AND SINCE I KNOW I'M DREAMING, I KNOW I CAN BE JUST AS CRUEL AS I WANT! AND I JUST **LOVE** TO BE CRUEL!

DON'T SWIM AWAY, LITTLE GIRL! HEH, HEH... YOU'LL MAKE SUCH A DELICIOUS MORSEL!



THAT'S WHAT **YOU** THINK! I KNEW THIS POOL HAD A CORK! AND **OUT** IT COMES! AND **DOWN** THE DRAIN YOU GO!

HA, HA...



THE THING

"AND WHEN ALICE WATCHED THE LAST CREATURE FALL INTO THE DRAIN, SHE WENT ON HER WAY, TILL SHE CAME TO THE CHESHIRE CAT..."

HELLO, LITTLE GIRL! WHERE IS IT YOU WANT TO GO? I KNOW EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE IN WONDERLAND! JUST WAIT DOWN THERE! JUST STAND STILL!

OH, NO, YOU DON'T! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO!

YOU MEAN YOU WON'T TRUST ITTY BITTY ME? TCH! TCH! YOU KNOW I'M JUST A SMALL, LITTLE PUSSY-CAT! DON'T YOU WANT TO TICKLE ME BEHIND THE EARS?

NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! Y-YOU'RE CHANGING!

I CERTAINLY AM! WE JUST **LOVE** LITTLE HUMAN GIRLS IN WONDERLAND! THEY MAKE SUCH SWEET, TENDER MEALS!

I WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN FAST ENOUGH! IT'LL CATCH ME AND TEAR ME IN TWO!

STOOPING QUICKLY, ALICE PICKED UP A SHARP-EDGED ROCK AND FLUNG IT AT THE CHARGING MONSTER!

THUNK!

THERE! NOW PERHAPS YOU'LL LEAVE ME ALONE! I'LL BASH YOUR SKULL IN NEXT TIME!

MEEOW WRR!

THE CHESHIRE CAT VANISHED, LITTLE ALICE WALKED THROUGH THE MAGIC FOREST, WHERE GROWTH AND SHRINKING HERBS WERE TO BE FOUND! TAKING ONE OF EACH TO KEEP IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, SHE REACHED THE END OF THE FOREST...

WHAT A STRANGE PLACE! GOODY! A PARTY IS GOING ON!

IT'S ALL FOR US AND US FOR ALL! I'M THE MAD HATTER! HA, HA... AND THIS IS MY PARTY!

SO LITTLE ALICE MADE HERSELF ONE OF THE GUESTS...

I COULD STAND A BIT OF TEA! BUT WHAT IS THE PARTY FOR?

WHO KNOWS? **NEVER** QUESTION THE CITIZENS OF WONDERLAND, DEAR LITTLE GIRL! COME NOW-- SIT DOWN HERE-- AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE!

THE THING



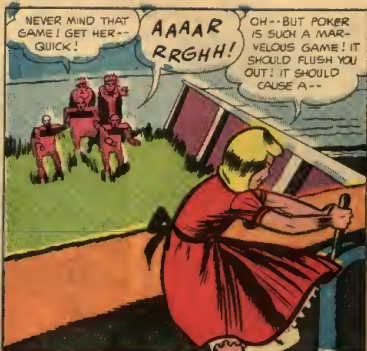
THE THING



DON'T STEP AWAY, LITTLE GIRL! WE WELCOME YOU WITH OPEN ARMS!

YES WE DO! SHOW HER **NOW**, MEN!

BUT BEFORE YOU DO, KINGIE! LET ME SHOW **YOU** HOW TO PLAY POKER!



NEVER MIND THAT GAME! GET HER-- QUICK!

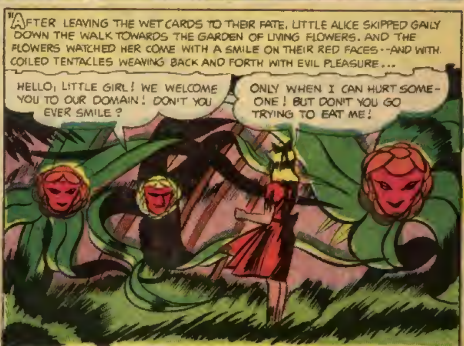
**AAAAA
RRGHH!**

OH--BUT POKER IS SUCH A MAR-VELOUS GAME! IT SHOULD FLUSH YOU OUT! IT SHOULD CAUSE A--



--ROYAL FLUSH!
HA, HA...

**AIEEEEE!
WE'LL...BE...
DROWNED!
HELP!
HELP!**



"AFTER LEAVING THE WET CARDS TO THEIR FATE, LITTLE ALICE SKIPPED GAILY DOWN THE WALK TOWARDS THE GARDEN OF LIVING FLOWERS. AND THE FLOWERS WATCHED HER COME WITH A SMILE ON THEIR RED FACES--AND WITH COILED TENTACLES WEAVING BACK AND FORTH WITH EVIL PLEASURE..."

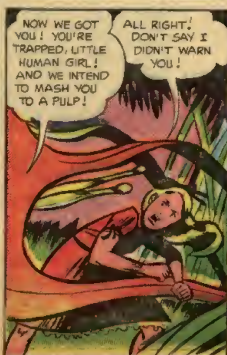
HELLO, LITTLE GIRL! WE WELCOME YOU TO OUR DOMAIN! DON'T YOU EVER SMILE?

ONLY WHEN I CAN HURT SOME-ONE! BUT DON'T YOU GO TRYING TO EAT ME!



OF COURSE NOT! WE FLOWERS ARE GOOD! WE'RE BEAUTIFUL! WHY DON'T YOU COME CLOSER AND SMELL OUR FRAGRANT PERFUMES?

UH--MAYBE I WILL!



NOW WE GOT YOU! YOU'RE TRAPPED, LITTLE HUMAN GIRL! AND WE INTEND TO MASH YOU TO A PULP!

ALL RIGHT! DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!



AND NOW I'M GOING TO TEAR YOU OUT BY THE ROOTS--ONE BY ONE!

**AIEEE!
NO! NO!
WE'LL
DIE!**

THE THING



THE THING

THE ANCIENT CASTLE SEETHED WITH THE BLIND HATRED GABRIEL FELT FOR HIS UNCLE, LORD JOHN ROSS. FOR YEARS THEY HAD POISED ON THE EDGE OF VIOLENCE, AND NOW DISASTER WAS ABOUT TO STRIKE BECAUSE OF...

BAD BLOOD!

The Thing

W-WHO...? HIC!...
UNCLE JOHN...!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT...? HUP?...?

I ORDERED YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM
THE WINE CELLAR, YOU UNGRATEFUL
YOUNG WRETCH... AND THE FIRST
TIME I TURN MY BACK YOU BREAK
DOWN HERE TO GUZZLE UP MY
CHOICE VINTAGES! THIS IS THE
LAST TIME...!

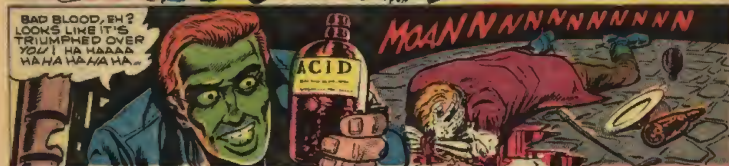
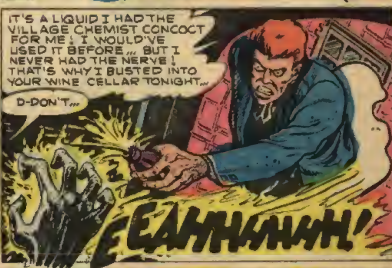
FOR THREE YEARS I'VE
TOLERATED YOUR INSOLENCE
BECAUSE YOU WERE MY DEAD
BROTHER'S ONLY SON; YOU'LL
BRING NO MORE DISGRACE
TO THE NAME OF ROSS!

I WAS ALWAYS OPPOSED TO
MY BROTHER'S MARRIAGE TO
YOUR WORTHLESS MOTHER...
TOLD HIM TIME AND AGAIN
THAT HE COULDN'T HAVE AN
HONEST SON... BAD BLOOD
GETS ONLY BAD BLOOD!
YOU'VE INSULTED YOUR
FATHER'S MEMORY FOR
THE LAST TIME!

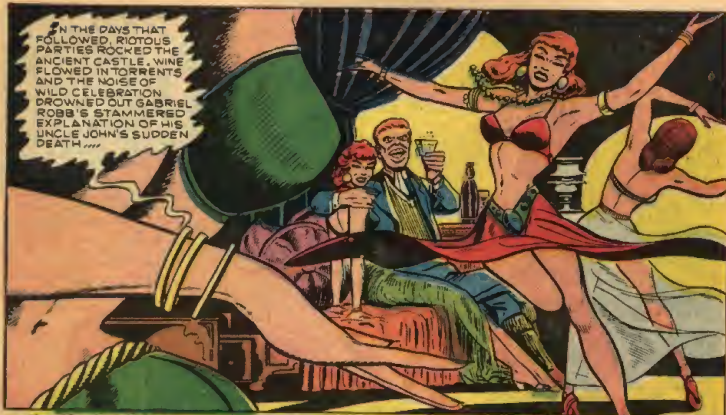
N-NO,
UNCLE! DON'T.
AGHHHHHHH!



THE THING



THE THING



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, RIOTOUS PARTIES ROCKED THE ANCIENT CASTLE. WINE FLOWED IN TORRENTS AND THE NOISE OF WILD CELEBRATION DROWNED OUT GABRIEL ROBB'S STAMMERED EXPLANATION OF HIS UNCLE JOHN'S SUDDEN DEATH....

BUT NO ONE SEEMED TO NOTICE THAT OLD LORD JOHN WAS DEAD... OR CARE ENOUGH TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER. AND THEN THE PARTIES WERE OVER, AND THERE WERE BILLS FOR THE FIFTH LORD ROBB TO WORRY ABOUT...

BILLS... BILLS... **BILLS!** ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME OUT OF MY MIND! I'VE GOT TO GET MY HANDS ON MONEY TO PAY... **WAIT!** THAT CRAZY DOOR NEXT TO UNCLE JOHN'S BEDROOM... I'LL BET HE KEPT HIS FORTUNE THERE!

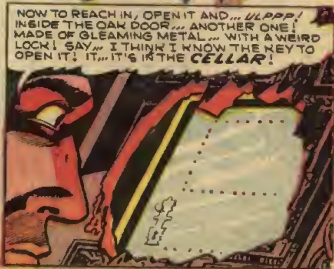
NONE OF THE KEYS ON THE RING SEEM TO FIT! THIS IS THE LAST ONE... **SAH!** HAVEN'T BUDGED THIS BLASTED LOCK! I OUGHT TO SLASH THE DOOR OFF... **THAT'S IT! I'LL USE AN AXE!**



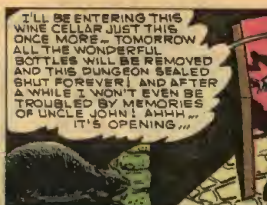
TREMBLING WITH ANXIETY, HE TORE A WAR AXE FROM THE WALL AND SLASHED THE DEADLY BLADE AGAINST THE DOOR AGAIN AND AGAIN...

IT... (UGH)... IT'S BEGINNING TO SPLINTER! ANOTHER FEW... (PUFF)... BLOWS...

NOW TO REACH IN, OPEN IT AND... **ULPPP!** INSIDE THE OAK DOOR... ANOTHER ONE! MADE OF GLEAMING METAL... WITH A WEIRD LOCK! **SAY...** I THINK I KNOW THE KEY TO OPEN IT! IT... IT'S IN THE **CELLAR!**



THE THING



THE THING



THE SKELETAL FINGERS DUG MERCILESSLY INTO GABRIEL'S FLESH AND, AFTER A MOMENT, HIS FRANTIC WRITHING STOPPED. THEN...



BUT THE FIFTH LORD ROBB WAS NOT YET DEAD. A MOMENT LATER HE LOOKED UP GROGGILY FROM THE PLACE WHERE HE HAD BEEN DRAGGED...

THIS IS A GHASTLY DREAM... A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE! MUTILATED CORPSES DON'T COME BACK TO LIFE... OR... OR DO THEY?



HOW... HOW DID I GET OVER HERE... IN THE... THE WINE PRESS? IT CAN'T BE...



WINE... PRESSES... CRUSHING ME...

TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THE MONSTROUS SCREW PRESSED... AND THEN, WHEN IT COULD BE TURNED NO MORE, A HAND REACHED FOR THE OVERFLOWING VAT BENEATH THE PRESSES...



... AND CAREFULLY POURED THE CONTENTS INTO WINE BOTTLES, ALL NEATLY LABELED...

the thing

THE THING

EMIL BARTO FOUND A GOOD DEAL FOR HIMSELF ON HIS TRANS-OCEANIC VOYAGE, UNTIL HE CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH THE NECESSITY OF HAVING TO EAT. THEN HE HAD TO IMPROVISE. BUT IMPROVISATIONS ARE NOT ALWAYS SATISFACTORY. IN FACT, THEY ARE OFTEN PRELUDES TO DEATH AND ---

WISHFUL THINKING!



WE'RE ALL ALONE HERE, WITH NO WEAPONS OR PROTECTION! AND BETWEEN US AND THE SEA IS THAT MONSTROUS CREATURE!

IT'S HUNGRY--HUNGRY FOR HUMAN BLOOD!

KIRK

EMIL BARTO LEANED AGAINST THE RAIL AND THOUGHT HARD. HERE HE WAS--ALONE WITH A SHIPLOAD OF PASSENGERS BOUND FOR EUROPE...

I'LL STAY AS FAR AWAY FROM THESE HUMAN SHEEP AS POSSIBLE. I CAN'T STAND THEIR STUPID CHATTER!



EMIL BARTO WAS A FAMOUS ARCHITECT--AND KNOWN TO BE BRILLIANT BUT ECCENTRIC. BUT HE WAS NEITHER CRUDE NOR ECCENTRIC WHEN THE SHIP CAPTAIN INTRODUCED HIM TO HIS FELLOW PASSENGERS AT DINNER...

THIS IS EMIL BARTO, EVERYONE! MISS GRACE NORMAND... MR. WALLACE TRASK...

SHE'S BEAUTIFUL--BEAUTIFUL BEYOND ANYONE I'VE SEEN IN MY LIFE!



THE THING

AND IN THE COURSE, EMIL BARTO GOT ACQUAINTED...



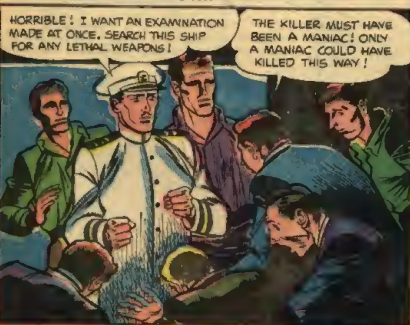
BUT ALSO AT HIS TABLE WERE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SOCIETY EMIL BARTO DESPISED...



SO THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE SOCIETY MATRON RETIRED...



THAT NEXT MORNING, THE BODY WAS DISCOVERED IN THE HALLWAY WHERE IT HAD FALLEN...



THE THING

BUT THE CREATURE WAS NEITHER PATIENT NOR HUMAN. THAT FOLLOWING NIGHT, WHILE A CREWMAN WORKED IN THE CARGO HOLD...

YOU ARE JUST LARGE ENOUGH TO SATISFY MY HUNGER, MORTAL!

HELP!
AIIIEEE!



AND FOR THE SECOND TIME, THE GRIM CAPTAIN FACED THE TERRIFIED PASSENGERS WITH SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS...

YOU WILL SHUT YOURSELVES IN YOUR ROOMS BY TEN P.M. EVERY NIGHT UNTIL WE APPREHEND THIS KILLER!

DREADFUL! SIMPLY DREADFUL! I PAID FOR A LUXURY CRUISE ---NOT A PASSAGE OF TERROR!



BUT THOUGH SUSPENSE AND TENSION PREVAILED, EMIL BARTO SEEMED UNUSUALLY CALM...

MAKE SURE YOU LOCK IT FROM THE INSIDE! AND CHECK YOUR PORTHOLE, TOO! NO TELLING WHAT ENTRANCE THE KILLER COULD USE!

YOU'RE HARDLY TERRIFIED YOURSELF, EMIL. I CAN'T HELP WONDER THAT YOU'RE EITHER A VERY BRAVE MAN --OR---



--OR VERY CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR WELFARE, GRACE. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO HAPPEN TO YOU!

AND NOTHING WILL, EMIL... AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE TO PROTECT ME! GOODNIGHT!



LATER, ALONE IN HIS ROOM, EMIL BARTO HAD MUCH THINKING TO DO...

SHE'S THE MOST UNUSUAL GIRL I'VE MET. I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH HER.



THAT'S WHY I MUST SEE TO IT THAT HER FEARS ARE NEVER REALIZED!

I'LL BLAKE MY THIRST ON OTHER VICTIMS! GRACE MUST NOT BE DISTURBED!



AND FOR TWO ENTIRE DAYS, THE NIGHTMARISH HORROR RAN WILD. DEATH FOLLOWED DEATH, UNTIL ONE DAY...

HERE HE COMES! THIS MORTAL SHALL BE MY LAST FOR THE DURATION! MY QUOTA WILL BE WELL FILLED UNTIL WE LAND...



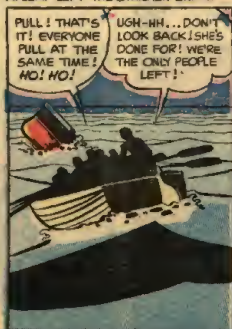
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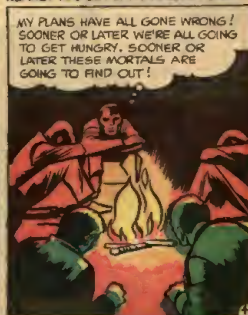
FATE GUIDED THE HUGE VESSEL TOWARDS AN UNDERWATER REEF -- AND AS THE LINER STRUCK THE JAGGED EDGES, ITS SHOCK RENT THE SHIP FROM STEM TO STERN ...



MOMENTS LATER, THE ONLY LIFEBOAT AFLOAT LEFT THE STRICKEN SHIP...



THREE MISERABLE HOURS LATER, THE SURVIVORS MADE IT TO A DESERT ISLAND NEARBY AND SET UP A MAKESHIFT CAMP...



THE THING

BUT EMIL BARTO MADE IT HIS BUSINESS TO STRIKE AT THEM BEFORE HE WAS DISCOVERED!

GOOD! YOUR BLOOD SHALL ENABLE ME TO ENDURE ANOTHER TWO DAYS!



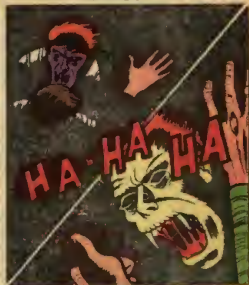
ONE WEEK PASSED--A WEEK OF ENDURANCE, HARDSHIP, AND PERIL. BUT EMIL BARTO PRETENDED TO LEAD THEM AGAINST ALL DANGER...

ANOTHER PERSON FOUND DEAD! THAT LEAVES JUST SIX OF US! NO ONE STRAY TOO FAR FROM CAMP. WE'LL KEEP A GUARD POSTED AT NIGHT!

YES. WITH-OUT YOU TO HELP US, WE'D HAVE PERISHED LONG AGO, MR. BARTO!



BUT BARTO WAS CUNNING AND SHREWD. ONE BY ONE, HIS VICTIMS SUCCUMBED TO HIS VAMPIRISH SCHEMES! ONE BY ONE THEY MET WITH VIOLENT, TERRIBLE DEATHS!



FINALLY, THREE MEN WERE LEFT--THREE MEN AND GRACE NORMAND. LEAVING THE GIRL TO WATCH OVER THE CAMP, THE THREE SET OUT TO FIND SOME TRACE OF LIFE ON THE ISLAND. BUT THIS WAS ONLY ANOTHER EXCUSE FOR THE VAMPIRE TO STRIKE!

NOW THEY ARE ALL DEAD BUT ME! GRACE AND I ARE THE ONLY ONES LEFT OF THE OCEAN CRUISE!



BUT NOW HE HAD ENOUGH BLOOD TO LAST HIM ANOTHER WEEK. SURELY--BY THAT TIME, HELP WOULD COME, THEN HE AND GRACE WOULD BE MARRIED. NO USE KILLING HER. BUT HIS THIRST WAS STRONGER. AND WHEN HE RETURNED TO CAMP THAT NIGHT...

IT'S NO USE! I MUST KILL HER, TOO! IT'S A PITY-- BUT I MUST SURVIVE!



BUT AS EMIL BARTO ENTERED THE TENT...

UGH--HHH! GRACE!
GRACE--IT'S ME!

ARRGHH!
HWWRR!



I KNOW IT IS, EMIL. I SUSPECTED YOU A LONG TIME AGO. AND NOW I'LL HAVE VAMPIRE BLOOD IN MY OWN VEINS-- MORE THAN ENOUGH TO WAIT FOR THE RESCUE SHIP, YOU SEE, IT TAKES A VAMPIRE TO RECOGNIZE A VAMPIRE!

HA, HA...



THE END



HORROR ON THE HILL

AS THEY CAME out of the cottage, Jeff Clayton threw a wry glance at his companion.

"You're foolish, Robb, to attempt a climb like that. Besides, think of it, man, you've been invited to my brother's wedding. It's hardly polite to . . ."

Down in the village, down the long, green slope, the tall white spire of the church trembled to the peal of bells. But Robb Martner didn't hear them. He didn't even seem to hear Jeff Clayton's voice. Martner's eyes stirred restlessly away from the small fishing town, ran darkly up the slope and fixed on the steep granite cliff behind the town. It towered crazily out to sea and above its majestic, craggy peak, wild sea-birds wheeled and cawed. He had no eyes, no ears for the birds—only the grey, weathered cottage that hung on the peak's edge like a witch's hat.

"I'm sorry, Jeff, I can't go," Martner said finally. His voice had a dream-like quality to it suddenly. "It isn't that I want to slight Henry and Amy. It—it's just that I want to climb the cliff." A forced note of humor entered his voice. "After all, I'm here in Buryport to relax, Jeff. That's why I retired, came here. I think I'll start by finding out what the inside of that cottage looks like. The view from the seaward side must be magnificent!"

"Have it your way," Jeff Clayton said distastefully. "But if you'll take my advice, you'll leave Captain Martner strictly alone. As for the view, no one . . ." Jeff stopped abruptly as though he'd said too much.

"It is remarkable about the similarity in name, isn't it?" Robb Martner said slowly. Now the high old house was mirrored in his eyes. "I suppose the Captain and I are related somewhere back along the line. Plenty of Martners used to live here in Buryport. Perhaps—perhaps the Captain and I can talk it over."

Clayton looked at his friend helplessly. "Robb," he said finally. "No one, so far as I know, has ever climbed that cliff—and come back. No one except the Captain, anyway."

"Nonsense," Robb said. "It's just a few thousand feet. The ascent isn't overly steep. It just requires endurance, that's all."

"All right, then, I'll tell you," Jeff Clayton said grimly. "And if you want to go up there after I've finished, well . . ." He paused and then continued: "Only two men in the past

ten years have even attempted scaling the cliff. And both of them made it. Only . . ." Jeff's voice cracked. ". . . both fell into the sea just where the ledge road turns the cliff edge." He pointed.

Robb saw it; a thin ribbon of gouged rock winding up the face of the cliff.

"Bad nerves," he said, but he couldn't hide the sudden note of tension in his voice. Then he shook himself vigorously. "But I'm going anyway. I like the atmosphere of Buryport, Jeff. It's wholesome, it's clean, it's redolent of the sea. Often back in the city, I wished my parents had stayed here. I'd have liked to be a sailor, owned a schooner, sailed the seas. After all, you have," he pointed to a thirty-foot single-master riding at anchor in the harbor. "That's Captain Martner's craft, isn't it?"

Jeff shuddered. He nodded and got into the car. Robb started walking along the spine of the grassy rise that led to the cliff-side trail. At first, he was exhilarated by the sheer daring of the climb. Then, half-way up he began tiring. The task was harder than it had seemed. And the gray house drew nearer only with infinite slowness. At last he reached the spot from which Jeff said two others had fallen to their deaths. Idly he wondered why. The road—carved from the living rock of the cliff itself—was over a yard wide at that point. Of course it wasn't entirely level—it tended to spill off toward the sea roaring a thousand feet below. With the wind whipping around him, Robb took a deep breath and rounded the curve.

He didn't hear the rock splitting beneath him until he'd passed. Then the slow grumble reached his ears and he looked back, blanching. Behind him, a good six feet of the trail had disappeared.

"God, that was close!" he muttered, drawing back against the sheer rock wall. He didn't hear the segment of trail hit the water, but he saw the splash, leaning dizzily forward. Then he looked up. Before him the trail was clear—and he couldn't go back. Not now, anyway. The only way clear was to the top.

The trail grew steeper. About his head the wild seabirds fluttered, shrieking their nameless cries. Looking up he saw the sky sud-

denly overcast. A brisker wind sprang up from the tossing, black waters. He just made the lip of the cliff in time. Another few minutes and the wind would have blown him over. Then the cottage squatted before him. He had to push against the wind across whipping, tall grass to reach it. He fumbled with the ancient door latch. The door smashed back. An instant later he stood within, in the semi-darkness of the beamed interior, lit only by the roaring flames of a fire. His eyes swept the room.

"Empty, by god!" he said. Then he gave a start as a figure stirred in the old captain's chair by the fire. A thin chuckle oozed from the shadows.

"Not empty, Robb, not empty yet. I'm here!"

"The Captain!"

"Aye, Robb, old Captain Martner!" The old man's voice was like the dry rustle of wind over dead leaves. He didn't start up, but waved Robb to another chair before the flames "A hard climb it was, eh, lad?"

Robb Martner sat down and stared. His eyes roved over the bony, emaciated figure, the narrow, pinched gray face, with its sparse gray beard, and then down at the thin brown hands. The Captain's chair creaked, rocking slowly. Robb's eyes came back to the Captain's glittering eyes. He felt the strength drain from his limbs. Abruptly the power of movement was gone. All he could do was speak.

"You know my name?" he croaked. "But how . . . ?"

"I just knew it, Robb. I guess we're related, you and I. And I've been expecting you, Robb, ever since you came to Buryport. A good move that was, Robb. Fortunate—for me."

"For you?"

"I'm dying, Robb." The withered old lips scarcely moved. The eyes glittered on, unwavering, fixed, hypnotic. "Eh, Robb, the road fell beneath you?"

A cold chill crawled down Robb Martner's back.

"How—how did you know that?" He asked. "You say you're dying. We've never met. Yet you know me by name, even know something you couldn't have seen!"

"I know, Robb, I know, that's all."

"I've got to be getting back!"

"You won't be leaving, lad," the Captain said dryly. "Not until after I'm dead, at least. And even then you might want to stay awhile and think—for you'll have a job to do by then."

"You—you mean to keep me here? Kill me like—like . . ."

"I didn't kill the other two who climbed

here, Robb. They murdered themselves. Or, rather, a yarn of mine did. Once they'd heard it, the agony of life it told made them take their own. But you're stronger stuff, Robb. You can hear that tale and live." There was a ghostly chuckle. "You're a Martner, Robb!"

"What tale?" Robb Martner asked with a thrill of horror.

The withered old mouth parted in a hideous grin.

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, Robb. It is a tale we Martners must tell—forever."

Mariner—Martner! Robb's blood froze. He tried to rise, to break the paralysis in which the old man's eyes held him, but fell back, helpless. The ancient lips writhed and the tale began:

It is an ancient mariner,

And he stoppeth one of three:

"By thy long, gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,

And I am next of kin;

The guests are met, the feast is set;

Mayst hear the merry din . . ."

He listened, thinking of Hank Clayton's wedding. He'd never be a guest now. He was doomed to listen to the Ancient Mariner, doomed to take his place when the tale was done and Captain Martner died, doomed, perhaps, to sail the seas until . . .

The Captain paused, the glitter in his eyes fading.

"Aye, Robb, I know what you're thinking. You've guessed your mission, lad!" He cackled in his high-pitch voice. "But you always wanted to be a seaman, didn't you, Robb?" There was a dry, deathly chuckle. "You'll have plenty of time now, Robb. You'll have my house, my boat, my boat to sail in and tell your tale wherever you go, whenever the agony comes on you lad—for it comes, it comes, Robb, and it never bates until the story's told! Now sleep, sleep, for when you wake, I'll be dead and you will be the Ancient Mariner!"

Robb tried desperately to keep his eyes from closing, but they dropped, slowly, like coffin lids. Through the lulling waves of on-coming sleep he heard the Captain's cracked voice take up the tale again, fade slowly on the last stanza of the famous poem:

He went like one that hath been stunned
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

THE END

OUT ACROSS THE MOORS, ABOVE THE EERIE SHRIEK OF THE WIND, THE HOWLING,
WAILING, MOANING THAT CAME OF NO EARTHLY THING GAVE STARK,
IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE OF THE ---



WEIRD LEGEND OF TRELAWNEY



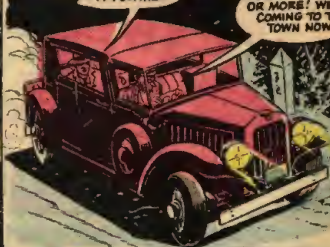
THE THING

THE CAR LIGHTS PEERED THROUGH THE SHROUD OF NIGHT LIKE SIGHTLESS ORBS. INSIDE, PASSENGER JOHN MARSHAND NOTED THE ROAD WAS A SINGLE, WINDING TRAIL THROUGH A VAST EXPANSE OF WASTELAND!



YOU SEE, DRIVER -- I'VE INHERITED FIFTY ACRES OF LAND IN TRELAWNEY, AND I'VE COME TO SEE WHY NO ONE WILL BUY IT OR FARM IT FOR ME.

NO ONE'S WORKED THE LAND HERE -- ABOUTS FOR FIFTY YEARS OR MORE! WE'RE COMING TO THE TOWN NOW.



BUT WHY HASN'T THE LAND BEEN FARMED?

I CAN'T BE TALKING ANY MORE ABOUT IT! IT'S NEAR ELEVEN! PAY ME, MON -- AND LET ME GET ON MY WAY!

JOHN MARSHAND NOTED WITH PUZZLEMENT THE FEAR AND HASTE OF THE DEPARTING DRIVER. THE FOG CULKED ABOUT HIS BODY LIKE A LIVE THING AS HE STEPPED TOWARD THE WARMLY LIGHTED TAVERN WITH A SIGN OF RELIEF.

WHAT A MISERABLE NIGHT! SOME STEAMING COFFEE AND A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP WILL DO ME A WORLD OF GOOD! I WONDER WHAT THAT DRIVER MEANT --! FIFTY YEARS... HMMM...



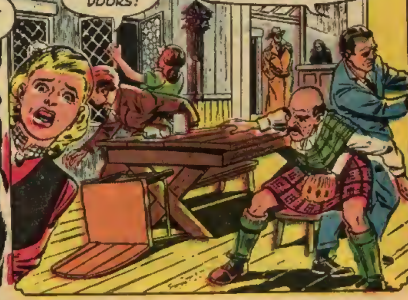
THE TOWNFOLK -- AS THE TOWNSHIP ITSELF, WERE QUANT COLORFUL AND STRANGELY BEHIND THE TIMES. THEY WERE FRIENDLY ENOUGH HOWEVER -- UNTIL THE HOUR TOLLED ELEVEN. ALL AT ONCE ALL CONVERSATION STOPPED! THE MEN PALED, AND THE SOUND OF SLAMMING SHUTTERS AND DOUSING LIGHTS WAS HEARD ALL OVER TOWN!

A SINGLE WITH A BATH, PLEASE -- AND I'M PLANNING ON STAYING FOR QUITE A WHILE...

YOU NEVER BEEN IN TRELAWNEY BEFORE -- I DON'T 'SPECT YOU'LL BE STAYING AS LONG AS YOU THINK!

BOLT THE DOORS!

LOCK THE WINDOWS!



THE THING

W-WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WILL YOU PLEASE
TELL ME?

THE GHOST SQUIRE
AND HIS HOUNDS ARE
ABOUT TO MAKE THE
DAILY ROUNDS!

GHOST--! Y-YOU CAN'T BE
SERIOUS! I DON'T UNDER-
STAND! I WON'T YOU
EXPLAIN IT?

THEY BREED HOUNDS AS VICIOUS AS WILD BOARS--AND FOR PERVERSED
SPORT, SENT THEM OUT TO TEAR TO PIECES POOR, UNWITTING
TILLERS OF THE SOIL!

IT GOES BACK A LONG WAY TO
THE TIME WHEN TRELAWNEY WAS THE
PROPERTY OF TWO RIVAL SQUIRES, SQUIRE
TILTON AND SQUIRE GHASTNEY, BOTH SAVAGE,
TYRANNICAL--ALMOST INHUMAN WITH THE
TENANTS WHO WORKED THEIR LAND!

I HAD TO REST
FOR AWHILE.
I---

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE, MON! LOOK!
SQUIRE GHASTNEY HAS TURNED
LOOSE HIS BEASTS
AFTER YOU!

ARGGHHH!

BOTH SQUIRES CARED FOR NOTHING! THE TENANTS WERE
LESS THAN ANIMALS TO THEM! THEY SOUGHT ONLY TO
ZEALOUSLY COVET BITTERLY CONTESTED INCHES OF
THE LANDS THEY CLAIMED AS THEIR OWN!

BEWARE, TILTON! I GIVE YOU
FAIR WARNING! ONE OF
THESE DAYS, I AND MY
HOUNDS WILL DESTROY
YOU--WIPE YOU OUT
ENTIRELY!

I AM AWAITING AND
PREPARING FOR THAT DAY,
GHASTNEY! FOR IT IS THE DAY
I SHALL BE RID OF YOU! AND
IT WILL BE--
SOON!

THE THING

BUT BEFORE THAT LONG EXPECTED BATTLE CAME TO PASS, THE TENANTS, DURING THE FAMINE, OVERTHREW THEIR YOKE AND

STRUNG THEM UP! THE COLD-BLOODED MURDERERS!

YES! STRUNG THEM UP! THE LAND THEY CLAIMED WAS UNDEEDED! THEY HELD IT BY FEAR AND TERROR!



AND SO THE SQUIRES WERE HUNG AND LAID UNCEMERONIOUSLY IN THE COLD, HARD GROUND, SEEMINGLY FORGOTTEN BY ALL, EXCEPT THEIR HOUNDS WHO REMAINED UPON THEIR GRAVES SCREAMING AND HOWLING INHUMANLY!



AND SO IN FEAR, NO MAN WILL WORK THE LAND! IT IS SAID THAT ONLY WHEN THE SQUIRES MEET TO DO BATTLE—WILL THE TERROR END!

QUIET! I HEAR THE HOWLING OF A HOUND!



STRETCH THEIR NECKS!

WE SHALL SHARE THE LAND AND FARM IT AS OUR OWN—ACCORDING TO THE LAW! YE SHALL GO HUNGRY NO MORE!



THEN, WITH THE SQUIRES GONE—EVERYTHING SHOULD HAVE BEEN SETTLED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

NO! FOR ONLY THE DEVIL CAN DESTROY THE DEVIL—AND EACH EVENING, THE SQUIRE GHASTNEY, HIS HOUNDS AT BAY, MAKES HIS HOUNDS AT THIS HOUR ACROSS THE LAND THAT HE CLAIMED!



I'M GOING OUT TO SEE JUST WHAT THERE IS TO ALL OF THIS!

WAIT, MON—NO! DON'T!



THE THING

HE FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR WITH A CYNICAL SMILE EVEN AS THE OTHERS SHRIEKED IN AWE! THEN -- HE SAW A CURIOUS THING!

SOMETHING IS HEADED THIS WAY! SOMETHING LARGE, LUMINESCENT, INDEFINABLE!

AT THAT INSTANT -- THE FOG LIFTED AND THE MOONLIGHT BATHED THE ROAD! JOHN MARSHAND REACTED TO THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM AS THOUGH A GUN SHOT HAD BEEN FIRED DIRECTLY AT HIS HEART!

GOOD LORD!

THERE WAS THE TREMENDOUS GIANT OF A MAN -- SQUIRE GHASTNEY -- A FIGURE CRUEL AND BRUTAL, HOLDING THE INCREDIBLY SAVAGE AND SLAYERING HOUNDS ALEASH!



THE THING



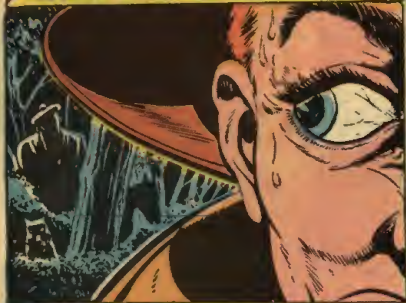
THEY'RE HEADED IN THIS DIRECTION! COULD THEY HAVE GOTTEN MY SCENT?



THEN — A NERVE-SHOCKING CHORTLE BROKE FROM THE LIPS OF THE ENRAGED SQUIRE, AS HE PLUNGED FORWARD UNMISTAKABLY AFTER THE TERRIFIED MARSHAND!

THEY ARE AFTER ME! I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE WOODS!

AS HE FLED, THE NIGHT BECAME ALIVE WITH HOWLING AND SNARLING THAT MADE HIS BLOOD RUN COLD!



OH, NO — MY FOOTING WON'T HOLD!

HE STUMBLED AND FELL AGAIN AND AGAIN, HIS FEET SUCKED INTO THE MUDDIED EARTH; CLOSER AND CLOSER THEY CAME, AND THEN —



— A STREAM! IF ONLY IT IS DEEP ENOUGH!



IT IS! I'LL SWIM ACROSS! THAT WILL STOP THEM!

HIS ARMS FLAILING DESPERATELY, HE MADE IT TO THE OPPOSITE BANK AND LAY THERE, TOO EXHAUSTED TO MOVE, ON THE BORDER OF CONSCIOUSNESS!



THE THING

BUT A GLIMMER OF AWARENESS FORCED HIM TO LOOK UP IN THE DIRECTION OF HIS UNEARTHLY PURSUERS! HE SCREAMED ALoud AT THE UNIMAGINABLE SIGHT!

---W-WALKING ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THE WATER! I-I'M LOST! AIEEEEE!

GRRRWWRRR!
RRRR RRRR!

THEY WERE VIRTUALLY UPON HIM--BARE INCHES AWAY, WHEN THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN SWATHED THE SKY! SUDDENLY BEFORE HIS ASTONISHED EYES--

WHY--THEY'RE
GONE!
VANISHED!

YOU MUST
LEAVE HERE--RIGHT
AWAY! THE GHOST
HOUNDS HAVE YOUR
SCENT!

YOU CAN
NEVER
ESCAPE
NOW!

PALE AND SICK, HE MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE TOWN. HE FELL UPON HIS BED IN THE ROOM ASSIGNED HIM IN THE TAVERN, AND SLEPT ALL THROUGH THE DAY UNTIL NINE O'CLOCK THAT EVENING! THEN, BATHED AND REFRESHED, HE VENTURED DOWNSTAIRS!

Y-YOU! HOW--WHEN
DID YOU GET BACK
IN HERE?

EARLY THIS
MORNING!
EVERY-
ONE WAS
ASLEEP!



THE THING

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
WHERE CAN
I GO?

AWAY FROM HERE--OR
THEY WILL HUNT YOU DOWN!
THEY WILL HUNT
YOU DOWN!



WHAT WILL I DO?
I--OH, A WAGON! AND
HORSES! I'LL HITCH
THEM UP!



MARKHAM WAS SO BEWILDERED, TOO TERRIFIED
TO THINK LUCIDLY. HE CALLED FOR THE TOWN THAT
HAD BROUGHT HIM FROM THE STATION, BUT...

LISTEN--I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE NOW--I'LL
PAY YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK!

NO! NOT AT ANY
PRICE! I HEARD
ABOUT YOUR DOINGS!
NO VEHICLE IN TOWN
WILL DRIVE YOU!



IT WAS NEAR ELEVEN O'CLOCK WHEN HE WHIPPED THE
HORSES FOR SPEED AND WAS OUT OF SIGHT OF THE
TOWN! HE BREATHED MORE EASILY...

I--I'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW!
IT ISN'T FAR TO THE STATION--
AND THE TRAIN'S DUE TO
LEAVE SHORTLY!



GOOD GRIEF---
IT IS THEM!

W-WHAT IS THAT
GLOW? HIS IT--?



GRRRRAARRR!



THE THING

HE LASHED AT THE HORSES IN A WILD FRENZY— STARK FEAR HAD COMMUNICATED ITSELF TO HIS WAGON BEARERS— AND THEY STRAINED FORWARD FAR BEYOND THEIR NORMAL CAPACITIES!

GIDDAP!
GIDDAP!



THE BLOOD-HUNGRY HOUNDS CHARGED UP TO SNAP AT THE HORSES— CRUSHING THEM WITH POWERFUL JAWS! JOHN LEAPED OFF AND HEADED FOR THE STARTING TRAIN!

I—I'VE
GOT TO
MAKE IT!



YOU COULD HAVE
KILLED YOURSELF
DOING THAT!

B-BUT THEY
ALMOST GOT
ME! THEY
WOULD HAVE
CHEWED ME TO PIECES!
NO—DON'T LOOK AT ME
AS THOUGH I'M CRAZY,
YOU MUST HAVE SEEN
OR HEARD
THEM!

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES OR SO, AS
THE TRAIN RUMBLLED ON INTO
THE NIGHT, HE SAT BY THE
WINDOW IN A STUPOR!

IT WAS A NARROW
ESCAPE! BUT I'M
FREE NOW—FREE
AND SAFE!



THE TRAIN WHISTLE!
I—I'M NEAR THE
STATION!



T-THANK HEAVEN!
THANK HEAVEN!



NO! I-HIT CANNOT
BE! IT MUST
NOT!



THE THING

A NERVE-SHATTERING HOWL CAUSED HIM TO PEER INTENTLY INTO THE BLACKNESS OUTSIDE! IT WAS THEN HE SAW THEM--GHASTNEY AND HIS HOUNDS, RUNNING FASTER THAN THE TRAIN!



AIEEEE!

THAT SCREAM CAME FROM THE ENGINEER!



T-THEY'VE KILLED THE ENGINEER TO STOP THE TRAIN AND GET ME!



THE COVER OF THE WOODS! M-MY ONLY CHANCE!



AH--THE DESIRE FOR LIFE WAS STRONG IN MARSHAND! HE WANTED SO MUCH TO LIVE! AND ON AND ON HE RAN THROUGH THE WOODS, THE EXTENDING BRANCHES TEARING AT HIS FLESH LIKE CLAWS! BUT ALAS--THE MORTAL BODY COULD ENDURE JUST SO MUCH!

I... I CAN'T GO ON... I CAN'T!



... SOB... IT IS MANY HOURS UNTIL DAYLIGHT! I'M FINISHED!



THE THING

AT THAT INSTANT, MARSHAND NOTICED HE WAS LEANING UP AGAINST AN ANCIENT SIGNPOST!

T-THE OTHER, SQUIRE!

THIS MARKS THE PROPERTY OF SQUIRE TILTON LET NO MAN DARE TROUBLE IT

OH, LORD -- FORGIVE ME FOR MY SINS, AND ---

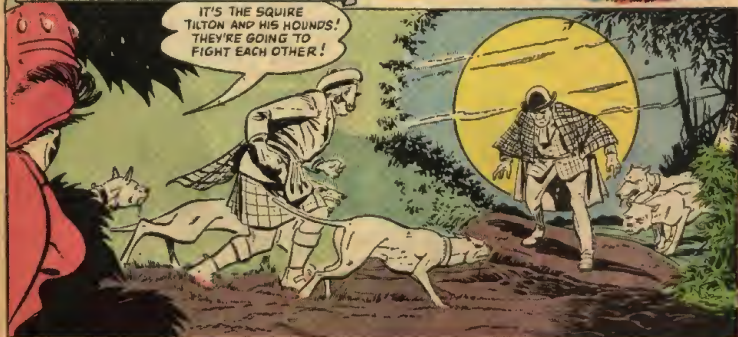
HIS END UPON HIM, HE CLOSED HIS EYES TO THE HORROR OF THE GRASHING JAWS ONLY INCHES AWAY! THEN--NOTHING HAPPENED!

THEY'VE GONE RIGHT BY ME!

THEY'RE HEADED TOWARD SOMETHING THERE IN THE DISTANCE! I-I CAN'T QUITE MAKE IT OUT!

THEN--OTHER SPECTRAL IMAGES HOVE INTO VIEW! AND MARSHAND'S MIND WAS STUNNED WITH A TERRIBLE REALIZATION!

IT'S THE SQUIRE TILTON AND HIS HOUNDS! THEY'RE GOING TO FIGHT EACH OTHER!



THE THING

AND THEN—A BATTLE OF SUCH GHASTLY HORROR ENSUED, THAT MARSHAND WAS SICK AND FAINT WITH REVULSION! THE NIGHT WAS A BEDLAM OF NERVE-TWISTING SNARLS OF RAGE, SCREAMS OF AGONY! GNASHING JAWS TORE AT YIELDING GHOSTLY FLESH! ON AND ON, WITH NO SIGN OF ABATEMENT—THE RAPACITY CONTINUED!



ALL AT ONCE—AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN—THERE WAS A SILENCE LIKE NONE JOHN MARSHAND HAD EVER HEARD! IT WAS THE SILENCE OF DEATH—OR NON-EXISTENCE! AND WHEN HE DARED STEP OUT UPON THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE!

NOTHING! NO SIGN OF BATTLE AT ALL! THEY'VE COMPLETELY OBLITERATED EACH OTHER!

ONLY THE DEVIL--
CAN DESTROY
THE DEVIL!

AND JOHN MARSHAND UNDERSTOOD FOR THE FIRST TIME WHAT THE OLD MAN HAD TOLD HIM!



Reader's Digest PIMPLES

Reports Good News
for all sufferers from

ACNE, TEEN-AGE PIMPLES,
SURFACE SKIN BLEMISHES
AND IRRITATIONS!

AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN TREATMENT THAT CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES

Actual clinical tests conducted by leading doctors have proven that an amazing, new-type medication helps clear up acne blemishes while it covers and hides embarrassing pimples! In the many cases tested by the doctors, there were a mixture of men, women and children, White and Negro. Some with recent pimple eruptions and others with acne troubles of many years. The results were:

100% SATISFACTORY
IN CLINICAL TESTS

*45% were COMPLETELY CLEARED!
38% were DECIDEDLY IMPROVED!
17% were IMPROVED!

NOW Same Type Medication Used
in Clinical Tests Reported In
Reader's Digest is Available To You

**GUARANTEED
TO HELP YOUR
SKIN LOOK
LOVELIER AND
MORE ATTRACTIVE
IN A FEW
MINUTES
OR DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Leading
SKIN
SPECIALISTS
RECOMMEND THIS
DOUBLE TREATMENT.

Physicians prescribe two ways to help control skin eruptions. First—clean the skin and clear the pores of clogging dirt. Second—inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

The clinically proven ingredients in the scientifically tested formula of Scope Products have been compounded to help overcome these external causes of pimples and irritations. Actually, Scope Medication helps remove the oils that skin specialists often associate with acne! SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION TROUBLE AND MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP!

DELAY MAY BE HARMFUL.

Send for Scope Medication Skin Treatment with its special "cover-up" action!
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

DON'T LET UGLY BLACKHEADS BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY

If you want help in getting rid of those ugly Blackheads, you need SCOPE'S Amazing DOUBLE ACTION Skin Formula. See how fast and easy it aids in clearing the skin of those unsightly blackheads. It loosens these pore-clogging impurities and softens the hard deposits underneath and around the blackheads, making their removal simple and effective. Scope Medication Cream, with its successfully tested ingredients, instantly and completely covers up all skin irritations, leaving your skin clearer, smoother, and more attractive looking.

TEEN-AGERS and GROWN-UPS REGAIN NEW POPULARITY

People of all ages have discovered a new-found joy with a clearer lovelier looking skin! If you've been hoping to improve your complexion to increase your popularity with the opposite sex

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

Thousands like yourself today enjoy the wonderful skin beauty that would normally be theirs—thanks to Scope. Scope Medication Skin Formula is made in special tones to match your skin—and almost like magic hides those unsightly externally caused blemishes while the medication is acting. Just a few minutes a day may help you toward the complexion that's lovable to kiss and touch!

HIDES PIMPLES ON LIGHT, AVERAGE & DARK COMPLEXIONS!

To help people of all complexions quickly conceal their externally caused blemishes—Scope Medication Skin Formula comes in special tones. No matter how many other treatments or old-fashioned preparations have disappointed you—here is a

sure way to climb to success in the business world—we recommend this amazing treatment. Just a few minutes each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible!

product that guarantees to improve your appearance or double your money back! Scope Medication Skin Formula is GREASELESS, FAST-DRYING and STAINLESS! Make-up can easily be applied over it.

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, return the unused portion and we will promptly send you double the purchase price! You have nothing to lose but nothing to gain your bad complexion. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK!

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You fill out the coupon and by return mail we will immediately ship you the Scope Treatment in a plain package. By Scope Treatment you are not entirely satisfied, return the unused portion for refund at double your purchase price.

Mail FREE TRIAL Coupon TODAY!

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-55 ACT NOW!

1 Orchard St., New York 2, N. Y.
☐ Please send me a 10 Day Trial the Scope Medication Skin Treatment. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, I may return the unused portion for double my purchase price back.

Check ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark Complexion

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ SAVE MONEY! Enclose \$2.00 now and we pay postage. Some double your money back either way you prefer.
APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign No COD's

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Why Just WISH for the Things You Want? **MAKE EXTRA MONEY** It's Easy—Fast—and FUN, Too!

Use Your Spare Time Pleasantly To Make \$50.00, \$100.00
or More Showing These Exclusive Big-Value

Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. Among this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here... the sensational, big-value 21 card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the gay and clever Merry Christmas Comics Assortment. They sell for only \$1.00 each and you make up to 50c profit on each box!

Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience... and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Golden Parchment, the delightful Christmas Velvet, exquisite Scripture-Text Religious Assortment, beloved Currier and Ives scenes... Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of exquisite Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Napkins and many novelty Gift items! They all spell Extra Money for you!

SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

—Raise money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of fundraising plan and actual sample assortment on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. S-123
NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples. **SEND NO MONEY**

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. S-123
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, Free Samples of Special Value "Personals" and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown big-profit line.

Name

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City & Zone State

☐ Check here for Organization Plan



Popular Priced **PERSONALS** too!

ACTUAL SAMPLES
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**Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100**
as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY **YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained **25 Terrific LBS.** of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES

Which **YOU** can **NOW** get **FREE**
BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1



"I gained
60 lbs. of
muscles,"
says
John
Sill.

"I added
7 inches to
my
CHEST!
3 inches to
each
ARM,"
says
John
Jackson

"HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends!
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You **HOW** YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

GET
ALL 5
FREE

1

2

3

4

5

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like YOU?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon You'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luckus

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER

3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-49

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Secure Courses
sent in
Build to
Building
An Extra
Big Mus-
cle Meter
or 1 Extra
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses, 1 How to Build a Mighty Meter, 4 How to Build a
Mighty Arm, 5 How to Build a Mighty Grip, 6 How to Build
a Mighty Back, 7 How to Build Mighty Legs, Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (No C.O.D.)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

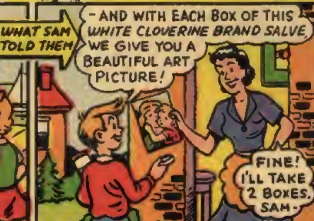
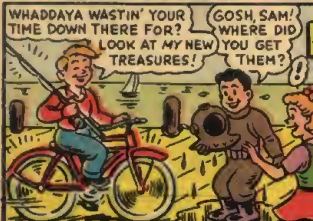
SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

HELLO, BOB-HAVE YOU FOUND
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **CASH** OR **PREMIUMS**!



MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. C99, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST NAME HERE _____

OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL